

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.—SELDEN

VICTORIA COLLEGE

Students' Carnival

CONCERT
CHAMBER,
TOWN HALL



Thursday and
Saturday —
25th & 27th June
1908, at 8 p.m.



CAPPING DAY

The yearly course that brings this day about shall never see it but a
holiday, a wicked day and not a holy day.—KING JOHN

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

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GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

Honours in Arts.

GRAHAM ROY BARNETT, First Class in Mathematics and Mathematical Physics.
EDWARD WILLIAM BEAGLEHOLE, First Class in Mental Science.
ISABELLA DONNET BRUCE, Third Class in English and German.
MARGARET FRANCES DALE, Third Class in English and French.
SIEGFRIED EICHELBAUM, Second Class in English and German.
WILLIAM HAROLD HOULT, Second Class in English and French.
DIAMOND JENNESS, First Class in Latin and Greek.
ALLAN MACDOUGALL, First Class in English and French.

"Why what a very cultivated kind of youth, this kind of youth must be."—Patience.

Masters of Arts.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| GRAHAM ROY BARNETT | MARGARET FRANCES DALE |
| EDWARD WILLIAM BEAGLEHOLE | SIEGFRIED EICHELBAUM |
| ELSIE MARGARET BOLLINGER | WILLIAM HAROLD HOULT |
| ISABELLA DONNET BRUCE | DIAMOND JENNESS |
| ALLAN MACDOUGALL | FANNY RUTH LIVINGSTONE |

"They have been to a good feast of languages and stolen the scraps."—Love's Labour Lost

Doctor of Science.

JOHN HENDERSON.

"Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?"—Patience.

Bachelor of Science.

ANNIE INKSTER.

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?"—Byron.

Bachelors of Arts.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| FRANCIS WILLIAM | AILE WOODHAM |
| STANISLAUS BARTLEY | EDITH MIRIAM HIND |
| DOUGLAS SHELLEY BEDINGFIELD | JAMES HUTTON |
| GILBERT VERE BOGLE | WILLIAM ALEXANDER LYON |
| GERTRUDE FLORENCE COOKE | ELIZABETH STEWART MORRISON |
| AMY ELIZABETH CURRIE | FLORENCE NEILSON |
| LOUISA NAOMI DALLASTON | BEATRIX MARY NICHOLSON |
| IVOR DAVEY | MATTHEW HENRY ORAM |
| ARTHUR BENJAMIN FITT | JOHN WALLACE ROSS |
| WILLIAM HENRY LEIDER FOSTER | FANNY LOUISA SMITH |
| MARGARET ELIZABETH GIBBS | CONSTANCE TAIAROA STRACK |
| CHARLES THOMAS GRAHAM | FREDERICK GEORGE |
| KATHLEEN MARY HEWETSON | ALBERT STUCKEY |
| ELLEN MAY HILDRETH | IDA FRANCES TENNENT |

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."—As You Like It.

Bachelors of Laws.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| JOHN WILLIAM HANNAN | WILLIAM VERNON ROUT |
| HUMPHREY FRANCIS O'LEARY | PERCIVAL JOHN SCANTLEBURY |
| WILLIAM PERRY | |

"No pretence to intellectual eminence or scholarship sublime."—Iolanthe.

Senior Scholar.

FRANCES WILLIAM STANISLAUS BARTLEY.----Mental Science.

"I mean to show things as they really are."—Anon.

*Luce festa concinamus
Laureatos iuvenes;
Ad diploma gradientes
Concinamus virgines*

*Universitas salveto;
Cancellarius floreat;
Ad honores largiendos
Multos annos maneat.*

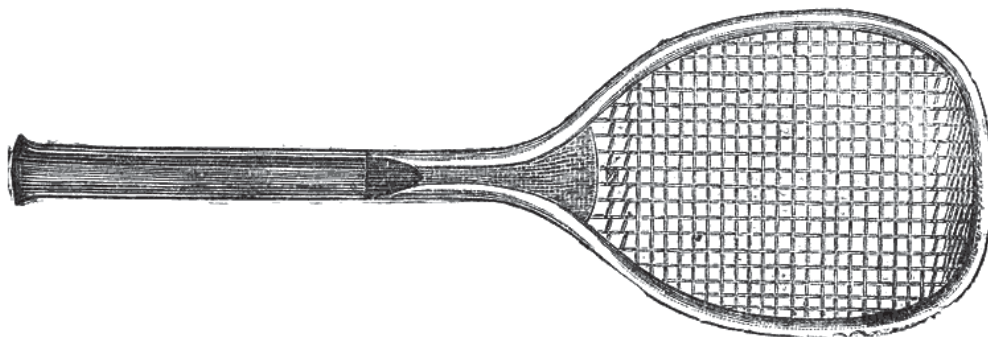
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GEORGE WINDER, Ironmonger,
Corner MANNERS and CUBA STREETS.

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

*Aedem colimus Minervae
Acti desiderio*

*Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio.*

*Aedem colimus Musarum
Sub Australi sidere ;*

*Nos a Musis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.*

*Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam ;*

*Circa venti turbulenti
Auferunt desidiam.*

*Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum ;*

*Ergo vires juveniles
Exhibent fortissimum.*

*Nomen quod profert sodales
Fausto sit oraculo ;*

*Ut Deus regno reginae
Faveat curriculo.*

*Per vias laboriosas
Doctrinarum omnium*

*Docti ducunt professores
Obsequens servitium.*

*Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Properamus ludere*

*Subter jugum occupantes
Fuste pilam trudere.*

Oratores, Oratrices

Audias effundere

Voces dignas Cicerone

Et sellas pertundere.

CHORUS.

Oh Victoria, sempiterna

Sit tibi felicitas ;

Alma mater, peramata

Per aetates maneat.

GAUDEAMUS.

*Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus ;
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.*

*Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur
Venit mors velociter
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur.*

*Pereat Tristitia
Pereant osores !
Pereat diabolus
Anti-Academicus
Atque irrisores !*

*Vivat Academia
Vivant Professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.*

*Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae !
Vivant et mulieres
Tenarum, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.*

*Floreat Eduardus Rex
Haud minus quam Mater
Ob virtutes sic ametur
Optimus ut appelletur
Patriaeque Pater.*

You will find "LUCY" all right.

VANITY! VANITY!

AIR: "*Now Lasses and Lads.*"

"'Vanity, Vanity,' saith the preacher, 'yea, all is Vanity!'"

Now fetch out a couple of lovely quids,
And buy a most lovely gown,
And do as traditional etiquette bids,
And you may be mistaken for Brown!
And you may be mistaken for Brown!!
Yes, you may be mistaken for Brown!!!
As likely as not, you will look like a swot,
A classical swot like John Brown!
As likely as not, you will look like a swot,
A classical swot like John Brown!

And think of the dignity that it will add
To your figure, yea, even to you,
For this is no useless scholastical fad,
Why, you may be mistaken for Hugh! (*repeat twice*)
Yes, develop a bit, both in waistcoat and wit } (*repeat*
And you may be mistaken for Hugh!

And if you are reckoned a bit of a bore,
And for details should happen to crave,
Yet don't know the decimals for three over four,
You may bear some resemblance to Dave!
Shut the windows up tight, before starting to skite,
And you may be mistaken for Dave!!

Or if you are smiling and happy and sleek,
And look like a regular don;
Yet somehow seem simple and childlike and meek,
Men may think from afar you are Von!
A baron, by Jove, and a fashionable cove,
Why you may be mistaken for Von!!

And think what the ladies will save in their dress,
If no one knows what is beneath.
The cost of their toilet may be somewhat less,
When gowned right up to the teeth.
Yes, their head may emerge out of silk-seeming serge
When gowned right up to the teeth.

So dive in your pocket and bring forth your purse
And shell out your guineas twain,
And pretend that you like it, forbearing to curse—
Yea, vanity! all is vain!
As likely as not, you will seem what you're not—
Yea, vanity! all is vain!

**The Latest and Best Materials combined with the Best Workmanship
ensure the excellence of our Tailoring—KITTO & GRAHAM.**

ADAMSONALIA.

(BY AN ADMIRER.)

AIR: "*Father O'Flynn.*"

O, I'm Adam's son and exceedingly Able,
My pedigree's long as a submarine cable,
And Eve* tipped me straight as the pick of the stable,
O, I was the flower of Edinburgh then.
But after some thought and much cold calculation,
I couldn't refuse the polite invitation
Of Wellington Champions of High Education,
For they are such very respectable men.

And of course I had heard of that gay dog Justinian,
Even had read his most learned opinion
Re "New Zealand Times" at the suit of "Dominion,"
Notable battle 'twixt knights of the pen,
And had the K.C.'s been selected on merit,
Then H.D. and Findlay and Chapman and Skerrett
Would all have made way for that legal-point ferret,
Justinian, the prize of respectable men.

Again I was told that the lot of the legal
Employee and student is far off from regal,
His screw is absorbed by the afternoon-tea gal
(For she's the young lady that's known as "Land Tran.")
And who to brass plate and a court-case aspires,
To prove all the other man's witnesses liars,
Must first face the terrible practice of Myers—
Yet Tud says that he's a respectable man.

I'd heard that the damsels at College were flirty;
I'd heard of that dangerous demagogue "Bertie,"
How, always for trouble and battle alert, he
Will "render account" to "Plain Bill" if he can.
I thought if the girls of N.Z. weren't a' jibbin'
At having the likes of young Edward Fitzgibbon,
There might be a chance for some rice and some ribbon
For me, a most highly respectable man.

And so I left home with the tears of a nation,
A bottle of Scotch, and a great reputation
(The last-named I nearly forgot at the station),
To throw in my lot with Mackenzie's brave clan.
I've met all your men, and tasted the nectar
Of converse with joint and his satellite Hector,
The latter of whom I've the greatest respect for,
For he is a highly respectable man.

*Mr. Eve is Commissioner for the New Zealand University in England.

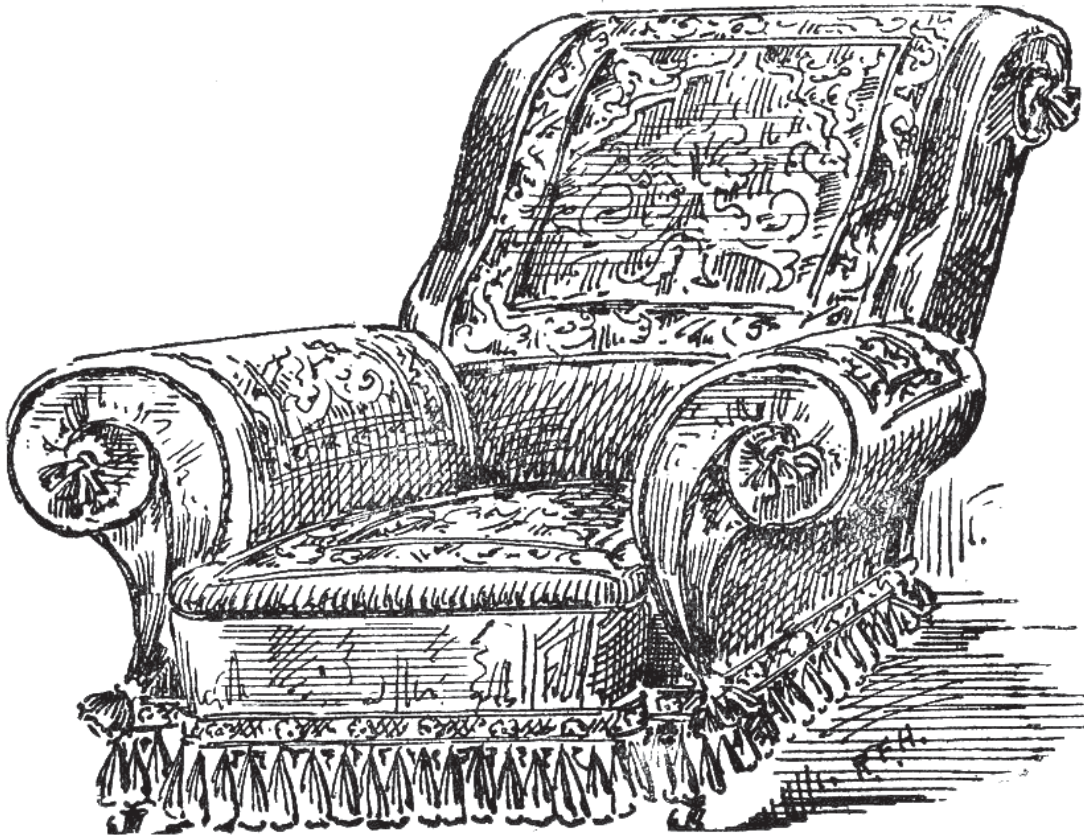
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CASH counts in tailoring as in everything else. Think what an advantage it is to you to have your Suits and Overcoats made by a firm who buy for cash, and sell for cash—a firm that can command the lowest prices in the world's best markets—a firm that contracts no bad debts, for which you would have to help pay. This firm is MORRISON & PENNY'S, who make clothes of quality at prices which mean money saved to you. Let us prove it to you this season. Order a Winter Suit or Topcoat now. You'll be glad you did.

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FOR LUXURIOUS FURNISHINGS... MANNERS ST.

You will find "LUCY" all right.

MEMORABILIA.

"This costume chaste is but good taste misplaced."—PATIENCE.

AIR: *"Ring-tailed Coon."*

She once thought much of blouses—
A stripe to wear in town;
He sported nobby "trowziz"—
Sing ho! for the long-tailed gown.
But now we care no more for cut,
And stripes are no importance, but—
Oh, dear oh, sing ho! for the long-tailed gown, etc.

Our new "debating ladies"
Are very hard to reach.
They say a spade a spade is—
Sing ho! for the maiden speech.
They say (and we mostly think it's true),
"There's nothing on earth that a girl can't do"—
Oh, dear oh, sing ho! for the maiden speech, etc.

We once thought Mac was funny,
His jokes are sadly off;
The latest for my money,
Is who but the brand-new Prof.
He has sentenced us all to six months' hard
Picken up roots in his own back yard—
Oh, dear oh, sing ho! for the brand-new Prof.

Philosophy and digits,
They hardly seem to mix;
And gowns produce the fidgets—
Sing ho! for the freshman's fix.
What positive integral worth is incurred
By the wearing of gowns (which seems absurd)?—
Oh, dear oh, it's all in the freshman's fix, etc.

—"E."

VIVANT OMNES VIRGINES

"I know the croaking chorus of the frogs."—ARISTOPHANES.

AIR: *"When I was a student at Cadiz."*

When I was a student at College,
I used to attend a debate, debate,
And there I gained great stores of knowledge
From speeches of ardour and weight.

CHORUS:

Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk through the night
Talk through the night, talk thro' the night.
Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk through the night,
And settle the fate of mankind, mankind.

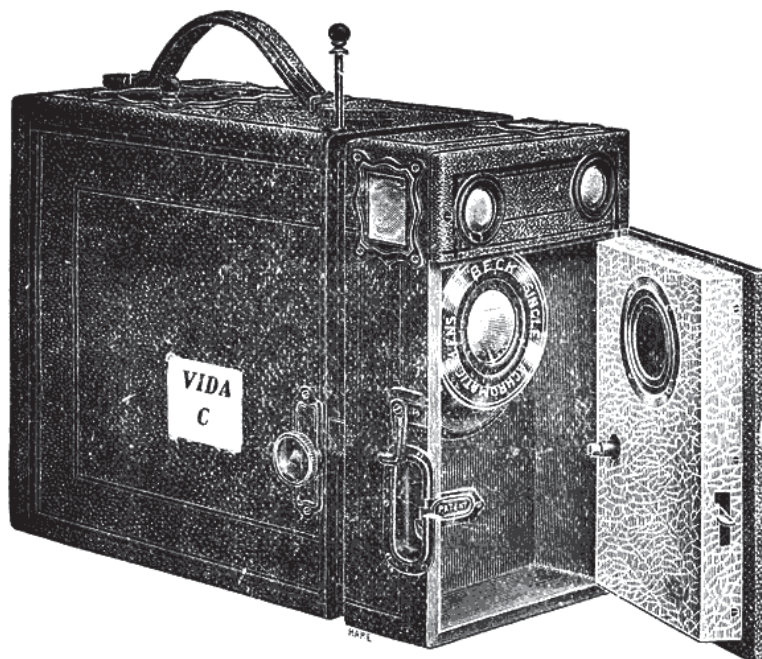
But no lady ever was seen there,
Except in the audience below, below;
Then rose up a band of the fair ones,
Determined this fine art to know.

CHORUS: Talk, talk, talk, etc.

Till they settle their plan of campaign.

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Vida C

**HAND
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'Gainst **Fire** and all **Devices of Man**,

To own a **TANN'S SAFE** is to have peace of mind,

For secure on the morrow you'll everything find,

'Tis a **Boon to Mankind**, as thousands attest,

TANN'S SAFES in and out are made of **THE BEST**.

Full Particulars on application to—

JOHN TANN SAFE Dept.,

SARGOOD, SON, & EWEN, Sole Agents

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

Now we've got our franchise for women,
From the House soon we'll rule all the state.
In sport and in wit we can meet them,
So we'll teach these raw men to orate.

CHORUS: Talk, talk, talk, etc.,
Oh, we will teach men to debate.

We've got our committee and chairmaid,
O'Leary has wished us success, success.
Fitzgibbon we've thanked for all kind aid;
Von Haa-t will his praise soon express.

CHORUS: Talk, talk, talk, etc.,
Plunket medal will be our reward.

LES ENFANTS.

Sing "Booh to you—Pooh, pooh, to you ! that's what I shall say"—PATIENCE

AIR: "*Keep down the Middle of the Road.*"

If you go up College way,
Any time of night or day,
And you meet a poor young mother in despair,
Who has lost her darling child,
Don't stand there meek and mild,
Please to show her up the library stair;
For she's sure to find it there,
Perched high upon a chair,
Swatting German, Pol. Econ., or Hebrew prose;
And Mac is quite distraught
Seeking desks of every sort,
To fit the infant that to College goes.

CHORUS.

Send up your children,
DO send your children,
Send up your children to the Coll.
As a crèche it's just O.K.
So send them right away.
Oh! DO send your children up to Coll.

Nothing in this world is certain. The nearest possible thing to certainty is the satisfaction you will obtain from KITTO & GRAHAM.

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At SALE PRICES or Regular SEASON'S VALUE

Te Aro House is always
in Front.

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

Now, Von, you're up to date,
And know at any rate
How to keep up the interest in your class ;
Take milk—a pint will do—
And sugar—just a few—
And brew these infants " bottles " on the gas.
And, John, although they cry
Because your Latin's dry,
You can hardly take the infants on your lap ;
So mix some honey sweet
With your " periods " and " feet,"
And make your sparkling prose into a " pap."

CHORUS—Send up your children, etc.

Our new profs. (Scotties twa)
Are different very far
In the rate of progress that they make each day ;
For Adamson's too fast,
And can go ahead " full blast,"
Because HE has no " chickies " to delay.
But our Mathematics don,
Who's a replica of John,
And a prof. who teaches how to rule red lines,
Is hindered every day,
By stopping on the way
To hush the teething infants' peevish whines.

CHORUS—Send up your children, etc.

—" PONTIFEX."

MEMORIES FROM ABROAD.

" This is the very coinage of your brain "—HAMLET.

AIR: "*Sally Horner*."

I have journeyed far, 'neath sun and star, in lands remote,
I have been the mate of potentate and man of note,
Yet whatever gap may sever us by land or sea,
Salamanca is the anchor of my memory.

CHORUS.

And I wonder as I ponder, if she's there to-day,
Standing sleeveless, bare and leaveless, on her hill of clay ;
Do the breezes still cause sneezes as they enter through
Alma Mater's ventilators, as they used to do ?

Does the Chancellor still wag his jaw on Capping Day
On the qualities of 'Varsities in U.S.A. ?
Here in China they've a finer sense of fun by far,
And a speaker grows much meeker when he's boiled in tar.

CHORUS.

And I wonder as I ponder if the Profs. still work ;
Is an emu on the menu of Professor Kirk ?
Here by Niger, thoughts of tiger might arouse his smiles,
But they'd show him, gently throw him to the crocodiles.

KITTO & GRAHAM, Masters of the Art of Tailoring, 18 Manners Street

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

Is the frisky Frog, that gay old dog, still fancy free?
Are the graduates all heavy-weights like Jenness D.?
Is MacDougall still as frugal as a Scot should be?
And does Skinner eat his dinner in the library?

CHORUS.

And I wonder as I ponder how the girls all be;
Angelina, have you seen her? does she weep for me?
Here in Aden many a maiden have I met and seen,
None is fairer than a wearer of the gold and green.

Has our football team, that faded dream, regained its dash?
Does our Tommy boast he's joined the host that plays for cash?
Is O'Leary, plump and cheery, still the Coll.'s bright star?
And is Mary still invari- ably dogged by "Pa"?

CHORUS.

And I wonder as I ponder, if I'll e'er come back
Where the strollers act as rollers on the stony track.
Arizona doesn't own a place I so respect:
Alma Mater, incubator of the intellect.

PEN AND SWORD.

CHORUS.

AIR: "*Huntsmen's Chorus*," from "*Der Freischutz*," (Weber.)

When air's like wine in sunny weather,
And the breeze blows cobwebs from the brains;
When Latin's folly and Law's a tether,
And the blood goes dancing through the veins,—
Then hey! for where your fancy races
Away from city's stifling grip
To the playing fields and open places—
And let the world of toilers slip!
Then here's to the long white road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth and never swerves!
Be it hockey stick, or oval leather,
Skiff, racquet, rod or gun,—
Here's luck! for the sport we've had together,
For chances lost and battles won;
For the wicket true, and the field in fettle,
And the man who's safe for a hottish catch;
For the losing team that shows its mettle,
And the man who wins his heat from scratch.
Then here's to the sportsman's road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves!

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If your sight is failing
or your eyes trouble
you, come and have
them examined. —

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and FRAME FITTING**
— On Scientific Principles —

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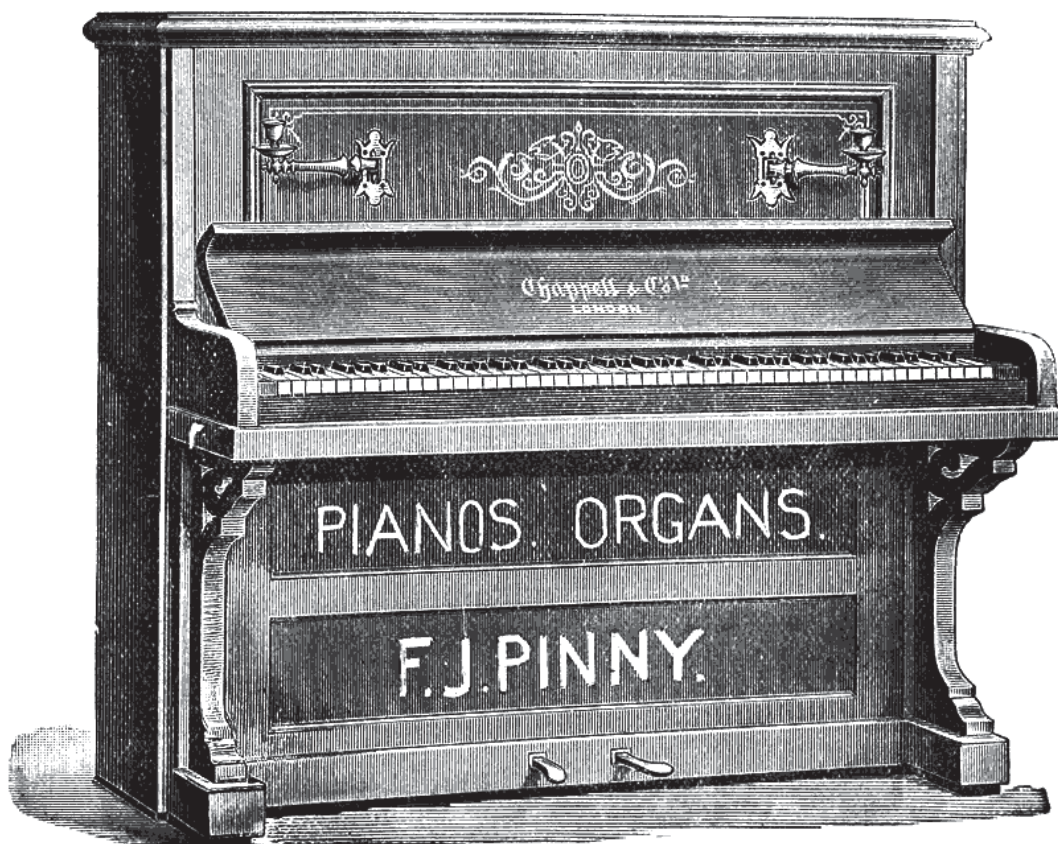
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DRESS AND FROCK SUITS

**Students get the Best Value
in the City at this Address**



*Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferate
Ev'n sound itself.—CAREY.*

PROGRAMME

Thursday and Saturday Evenings, 25th and 27th
June, 1908, at 8 o'clock.

PART I.

1. CAPPING SONGS—(a). "O Victoria."
(b). "The Pen and Sward."
"Wisdom married to immortal verse."—WORDSWORTH. ()*
2. GLEE CLUB.—(a) Glee—"To Sylvia."
(b) PART SONG—"Breath Soft, Ye Winds."
*"Sang nothing in particular
And sang it very well."—IOLANTHE.*
3. SKETCH MR. A. W. NEWTON
"There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."
4. QUARTET—"I love my Love in the Morning"
"Poins, Poins, these be noisome fellows."—HENRY IV.
5. SOLO .. "The Waking of Spring" MISS C. T. STRACK
*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent
thing in woman.—LEAR.*
6. NIGGERS
*"Whose vocal villainies
All desire to shirk.—MIKADO.*
7. SOLO MISS MAY NEWMAN
*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with.—SUCKLING.*
8. HAKA
*"Now, is not this ridiculous?
Explain it if you can."—PATIENCE.*
9. CAPPING SONGS—(a) "Memories from Abroad."
(b) "Gaudeamus."
*"Little will be left of me,
In the coming bye-and-by."—PATIENCE.*

*Awkward pauses attended to by the "Esprida Corps."

Interval of Ten Minutes.

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Underclothing, Gloves and Overcoats.



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CLAT**

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Gloves, Ties,
and General Ou

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WELLINGT**

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Blouses a Sp**



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PART II.

"SOUTH SEA BUBBLES"

A COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatic Personæ.

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| Professor Watt-Buncombe (on tour of the world) | MR. A. H. BOGLE |
| Dr. Phin Leigh (a Minister of the Crown) .. | MR. G. RAE HUTCHESON |
| Adam (a Labourer)... | DR. D. N. ISAACS |
| Mrs. Watt-Buncombe (Wife of Professor) .. | .. MISS D. ISAACS |

Auckland Press Reporters, Professors and Students.

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Act I | AUCKLAND. |
| Act II. DAIHAPE (on the Main Trunk Line). | |
| Act III. | WELLINGTON. |

SUPPER PROGRAMME.

*"And men sit down to that nourishment
Which is called supper."*—LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

TOAST-- .. "The King" .. "God Save the King"

TOAST— .. "The Graduates" .. F. A. DE LA MARE

"What is to be done with these here helpless chaps."—H.M.S. PINAFORE.

REPLY— H. F. O'LEARY

"Plump and cheery."—COLLEGE SONG.
"STUDENTS' SONG."

TOAST— .. "The New Zealand University" .. H. E. EVANS

REPLY— J. W. JOYNT, Esq.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—HENRY VIII.

TOAST— .. "The College Council" .. D. S. SMITH

REPLY— T. R. FLEMING, Esq.

TOAST— .. "The Professors" .. A. MACDOUGALL

REPLY— PROFESSOR MACKENZIE

TOAST— .. "Absent Friends" .. J. M. HOGBEN

"AULD LANG SYNE."

STUDENTS' SONG.

"Let their praises be sung with an eloquent tongue to lutes highly strung."
—COLLEGE SONG.

AIR: "Down among the dead men."

To the true University man let us fill,
Hard player, high thinker, wide reader, at will—
Who serves first College and after, himself,
Whose care is for knowledge and not for pelf.
Who tilts not the dye with a kindling eye,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Here's life and luck to the College girl,
Likes she piety, tea, or Lancers' whirl;
Who risks at the net the tan o' the sun,
And "sticks" at hockey scorns to shun.
Who drains not lief till the last drop dry,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

DANCE: "A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking time."—DRYDEN.

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*“Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man,
 Then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.”*

—ISAAC WALTON.

South Sea Bubbles *A Comic Opera
 in three Acts*

— BY —

G. M. HOGBEN AND JULIUS McL. HOGBEN.

Music by Gounod, Sullivan and others.

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR : “Kermesse Chorus” (*Faust*).

Glorious country, isle so fair,
 Sunny climate, cloudless air,
 Home of the Maori, land of the fern,
 Beauty reigning where'er we turn,
 By thy legislators' ardour
 Hast thou bettered Nature's aim,
 By the tourist hast thou reached
 Universal fame.

Try Wallace & Gibson, “The Kash,” for Winter
 Underclothing, Gloves, and Overcoats.

Be you a fisherman, be you a shot,
Here your very heart's desire may be got ;
Be you a Socialist, be you a peer,
Hospitality untold waits you here.
All are welcome but Celestials
To this earthly paradise ;
“ God's own country ” ever shall
To perfection rise.

CHORUS OF AUCKLAND PRESS REPORTERS.

If you're looking for the noblest of professions,
 of professions,
Reporting is the very one you need,
 one you need ;
We should really like to give you our impressions,
 our impressions,
But that modesty's a portion of our creed,
 of our creed.
It's the leading avocation, there's no other,
 there's no other
Can be found alike it underneath the sun,
 'neath the sun
Oh ! take one consideration with another,
 with another,
A reporter's lot is quite a happy one.
 Oh ! unless there's any thinking to be done,
 to be done,
A reporter's lot is quite a happy one.

Try Wallace & Gibson, "The Kash," for Winter Underclothing, Gloves, and Overcoats.

Oh ! the Empire City's daily sheets are always
on the brag,
That their village is the Universe's hub,
is the hub ;
While in by-gone days the morning " Times " was quite
a toney rag,
Now the organ of the local Kennel Club,
Kennel Club.
The " Squatter's 'Minion " gets the " Times " on meta-
phoric toast,
And smites it in a manner most ungodly,
most ungodly ;
But for purity of language you had best obtain
the " Post,"
And read the little bits by Henry Bodley.
Oh ! take one consideration with another,
with another,
A reporter's life is quite a scrappy one.

I went to the Emerald Isle
To visit auld Pat for a while
Then journeyed by tram
To the Assouan dam
To visit the Sphinx and the Nile.

You will find "LUCY" all right.

I was told to see Naples and die
Though really I cannot say why
 'Twas very respectable
 Highly delectable
Though somewhat inclined to be high.

I roamed with the Romans in Rome
And visited Homer at Home
 I called on the Shah
 And also the Czar
But the latter was not at home.

Saw Paris on the Seine
Berlin on the Spree
 Then took me by train
 To traverse the main
By the side of the Zuyder Zee.

I went for a wireless walk
From Liverpool to New York
 Got hold of a nigger
 Who wasn't *de rigeur*
And endeavoured to cleanse him with chalk.

SLOWLY But I was till this day in June
Aesthetically out of tune,
 As a beautiful treat
 There is nothing to beat
The poetical Auckland moon.

CHORUS.

AIR: "*Girls of Gottenburg*" (*Girls of Gottenburg*).

Oh! If you are a stranger here
And want to travel anywhere,
We have a tourist system grand,
To take you safely through the land.
The tourist agent you will meet,
You'll find him loafing in the street.
He'll tell about our sunny clime,
Our lakes unique, our sounds sublime.
Of Rotorua's fame you'll hear,
Its costly baths, its balmy air,
And how in sulphur pools all day,
You sit and boil your skin away—
Yes that is what the agents say.

So off you go
To the bureau,
And thereupon.
You ring the bell and ask for Donne,
And free of charge
He will enlarge
Upon the many varied beauties of this Wonderland.

**Try Wallace & Gibson, "The Kash," for Winter
Underclothing, Gloves, and Overcoats,**

At Wanganui you should see
The local Rhine, the scenery ;
For crazy sculls 'tis unsurpassed,
For though they Bakewell there they fast.
Before you leave this land, to view
You'd better note a place or two :
The Napier sky which never rains,
The rabbitless Otago plains,
Dunedin's harbour wide and deep,
And little Nelson fast asleep,
The Christchurch winds, the wet West Coast,
Pelorus Jack—New Zealand's boast—
About these things we always boast.

We think our land
So very grand
And quite as fine
As any state above the line.
So free of charge,
We all enlarge
Upon the many varied beauties of this Wonderland.

Act II.—DAIHAPE (on the Main Trunk Railway)

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR : " *Let the Hills Resound with Song.* "

Be the season what it may,
We are armed against the fray,
Our fights are fought in realms of sport,
Our all is sport.
Be the contest what you will,
We aspire to crown the hill
That gives us vict'ry sweetest when 'tis dearest bought.
Sport we wage,
For 'tis our heritage,
For Waterloo was won upon the fields of play ;
Be ours the name
To ever play the game,
With nought to gain beyond the pride to win the day.
When summer days are long,
On the playing fields we throng ;
When fortunes rise unto the skies,
We feel true joy.
But when our fortunes fall,
With backs against the wall,
Let's suffer then our foe's success without annoy.

In youth or mellowed age,
Spring's warmth or winter's rage,
Our blood runs fast with lines there cast,
Where sport is king.
Our haunts the open fields,

Try Wallace & Gibson, "The Kash." for Winter
Underclothing, Gloves, and Overcoats.

You will find "LUCY" all right.

For the joy that action yields,
When summer suns with piercing ray their pleasance bring.
When winter's here
With faded leaves and sere,
The leathern sphere is hot pursued with nerve and vein.
But gain or loss,
They've steer'd the truest course,
Who've fought the fight for love of sport with nought to gain.
As when hunting in the field,
When your rod or gun ye wield,
Your pleasure's most, you're joyful most
With aim that's true ;
So your ev'ry sense should thrill,
Your heart with gladness fill,
Whene'er your sport be honest, clean, untainted, true.

DUET—ADAM AND WATT-BUNCOMBE.

AIR : " *Two Little Sausages* " (*Girls of Gottenburg*).

Adam : Once to an isle in the blue Pacific
One little cuckoo came,
Watt-Buncombe : On that isle there lived in peace
A kiwi happy and tame.
Adam : The cuckoo was won by that island's charm
So he telegraphed home to his mate,
Watt-Buncombe : And they took the kiwi's nest in the cabbage palm
And the little bird left to his fate.

Both : What a pair of cheeky little cuckoos,
Theirs was a very selfish act,
When they seized the little island
For to settle there in style and
Poor little kiwi sacked ;
Yes it really was a very bad act.

Adam : Long years after on that isle a statesman
Thought of a very good plan.
Watt-Buncombe ; I've not yet heard of a politician thinking
I suppose that here they can.
Adam : Said he, "In the stead of the old bullock dray
Let us have the Iron Horse."
Watt-Buncombe : So a Main Trunk line was begun one day
To be finished in a year, of course.

Both : What a very clever politician
His was a very happy plan.
All the loafers get enjoyment,
For it gives them such employment
As only state jobs can ;
Yes, it really was a very good plan.

Try Wallace & Gibson, "The Kash." for Winter Underclothing, Gloves and Overcoats.

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

Watt-Buncombe: Paid by the state, your politicians
Evidently cut a dash.
Adam: After talking rot, they sleepily at midnight
Allocate the public cash.
Watt-Buncombe: As for Public Works I believe that the load
Of temptation on a man is hard,
Adam: Each takes home a bridge or a road
To decorate his own back yard.

Both: What a lot of stupid politicians,
Theirs is a very silly plan;
Though a politician never
Is imbursed for being clever,
If he to think began
It would really be a very good plan.

Enter Dr. Phin Leigh.

SOLO—DR. PHIN LEIGH.

AIR: "*When Frederick was a Little Lad.*" (*Pirates of Penzance.*)

As an undergrad I always had
A brain so very clever,
That bye and bye, I thought I'd try
To lease it out for ever.
I was of the horde supporting Ward
And this is what he me told:
"Your brain's too good for a lease but could
You let me have the freehold,"
And now my pals the Liberals
Lay claim to all I've uttered,
And their claim is sound since I have found
Which side my bread is buttered.

The Savage horde they made me lord,
And arrayed me in resplendence:
At the College here they made me chair
To reward my non-attendance.
Though from rowdy boys I object to noise
Who blow with horn and squeaker.
In the footlight's glare on the platform here,
I'd pass for a first class speaker.
To reward my work he should not shirk,
In the Premier's ear I dinned oh!
So a scheme he hatched to leave unlatched
The Legislative window.

With the country's pile I live in style
As a brainy lawyer should do,
But I don't forget my friends as yet
As a vulgar person would do.
So I went and saw a Prof. of Law
A very handy craftsman,

**For Men's Overcoats at 32s 6d, 37s 6d, try James Smith
and Sons, The New House.**

You will find "LUCY" all right.

I might do worse with the country's purse
Than make him Crown Law Draftsman.
My brain it teems with endless schemes
To socialise opinion,
And when that's found I shall be crowned
The King of this Dominion.

CHORUS

AIR: "*Berlin is on the Spree*" (*Girls of Gottenburg*).

Oh! you may have heard before
Of a certain windy mound
With the houses perched on cliffs
On the minimum of ground;
Where the streetways are so wide
Two can walk them side by side,
It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand,
Free land, Zealand.
It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand.

The Empire City see
Upon the hills beside the sea,
Though you search you cannot get a
City site that's any better
Than the site on Lambton Quay.
No Christchurch plains for me,
The ocean's wave I love to see,
Though Auckland may be Eden,
And Paradise Dunedin,
Yet Wellington will do for me.

Oh! the mob that there abide,
Cosmopolitan they are,
Though they nearly all are Chows,
Or are members of the Bar;
Though they've lost their Lead in art,
Grabbing money on the mart,
They're the first and foremost people in New Zealand,
Free land, Zealand,
They're the first and foremost people in New Zealand.

The Empire City see, &c.

In the month of April last,
They were Achin' for a Mayor,
And though Duthie Fished for votes,
His lopsided ways were clear.
Oh! the leading lights so shine
That the natives all opine
It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand,
Free land, Zealand,
It's the first and foremost city in New Zealand.

The Empire City see, &c.

**For Warm Travelling Rugs, Try James Smith and Sons
The New House.**

Act III.—WELLINGTON.

OPENING CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

AIR: "*The Soldiers of the Queen.*"

Have you seen our Professorial horde?
Their manners you can ne'er forget them.
Those who form the Professorial Board
Would talk all night if students let them.
Most of them are Scotchmen—Scotch imported Profs.
With accents thick as London's fog.
Teach? They teach us nought.
How can we be taught
By a Prof. who speaks a foreign tongue
Whose lectures weighty are as long?
"Not Understood" should be their motto,
They always make their lectures so.

But spite their eccentricity,
Loquacity,
Rusticity,
In the search for truth and liberty,
Our Profs. are ever to the fore.
Our knowledge gained and trophies won,
Our tasks achieved, our labour done,
In all our ventures, ev'ry one,
They aid and urge us ever on.

Brown or Gray, whate'er their colour be,
They lecture till they make us sicken,
Lectures write they wondrous easily,
From books they've read they take the Picken.
While the Prof. Board chairman bores the English class,
His farmyard knowledge is profound.
Easterfield and Kirk's
Scientific work
Makes its perfume noticed all around,
Makes its perfume noticed all around;
And if you go to Justin's lectures,
You'll hear the students softly snore.

But spite their eccentricity, &c.

We have two new Scottish importations,
Both unfathomed to the present,
One can use no means of education
But the Kindergarten lesson.
Another new Professor—Hunter of renown,
With dignity and screw increased.
So hard-worked are they
That they said one day
Why not strike against our present lot
Like miners on the Coast? Why not? Why not?
So Von tossed up his famous penny,
And now the Profs. have ceased to toil.

But spite their eccentricity, &c.

**For Men's Sweaters at 5s 6d, 6s 6d each, Try James Smith
and Sons, The New House.**

You will find "LUCY" all right.

CHORUS OF PROFESSORS.

AIR: "*Or When Patrotic Sentiment is Wanted* (Mikado.)

We're a badly treated body of professors ;
The pay we get is really a disgrace
Though at lecturing perhaps we may be messers,
They need not tell us so before our face.
Our hours are long and ought to be adjusted,
For at ten we get away but not before,
And in fact we're so annoyed and so disgusted
We've really had enough and we will work no more.
But we've found a remedy for this disgraceful state of things,
For we have gone on strike and we will work no more.

The holidays we get should be much longer,
We only get six months in all the year ;
For our lectures our voices should be stronger,
And gramophones should be provided here,
Our dignity is greatly underrated.
The students' insults hurt us to the core,
And the Council are so very antiquated
They've given us the spike and we will work no more.
But we have found, &c.

The students after little agitation
Obtained a social building of their own,
But the professorial need for recreation
This seems to be a thing as yet unknown,
We asked them most politely and discreetly
To provide for us a billiard saloon.
But North harangued the Council so completely
They lost their heads and so we struck this afternoon.
But we've found, &c.

CHORUS.

WITH SOLOS BY PROFESSOR WATT-BUNCOMBE AND DR. PHIN LEIGH.

AIR: "*Tarantara Chorus*" (*Pirates of Penzance*.)

Chorus of Profs.: We have heard your learned speech,
How you earnestly beseech
That we now return to work,
And our tasks no longer shirk.
For your system is so sound,
It completely brought us round ;
So that now you may presume
That our lectures we'll resume,
That our lectures we'll resume.
Tarantara (as in Pirates).

Watt-Buncombe: Travel Eastward, travel westward,
Ever have I travelled onward,
Searching lands to North and Southward,
For a perfect social scheme.
Found I here this man of wisdom,
Glad am I I have not missed him,

**For Men's Pyjamas at 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 10s 6d, Try
James Smith and Sons, The New House.**

Smoke "LUCY HINTON" Tobacco.

With his splendid social system,
Fitting ev'ry perfect state.

Students : 'Tis a splendid social system,
Fitting ev'ry perfect state.

Chorus of Profs. : Yes, to us it's evident,
That by Providence was sent
Such an educated man
To present his social plan.
So to work we'll now return,
Teaching students how to learn,
For to us it's evident
That by Providence he's sent.
Tarantara (as in Pirates).

Watt-Buncombe : Go and use your best endeavour,
Go to labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Students : Go ye back to lectures now.
Go and use your best endeavour,
Go to labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Chorus of Profs. : Oh ! we lived a dismal life,
Full of bickering and strife,
For we really were ill-used,
And we ought to be excused.
For with spirits getting low,
To no Phin Leigh could we go ;
So like miners out of luck,
With alacrity we struck.
Yes, like miners out of luck,
With alacrity we struck.

Out of luck,
So we struck.
Out of luck,
Ah ! yes, we struck.

Watt-Buncombe : Go and use your best endeavour,
Go and labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Go and use your best endeavour,
Go and labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Go Professors, go ye back to lectures now.
Go Professors, go ye back to lectures now,
Go to labour on for ever.
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Students : Go Professors,
Go to lectures,
Go ye, go ye
To your lectures.

**For Men's Hard Felt Hats at 7s 6d, 10s 6d each, Try
James Smith and Sons, The New House.**

You will find "LUCY" all right.

Go and use your best endeavour,
Go to labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Go Professors, go ye back to lectures now.
Go Professors, go ye back to lectures now.
Go to labour on for ever,
Show them that you're really clever,
Go ye back to lectures now.

Chorus of Profs. : We have heard your learned speech, tarantara, tarantara
How you earnestly beseech, tarantara,
That we now return to work, tarantara, tarantara,
And our tasks no longer shirk, tarantara.
For your system is so sound, tarantara, tarantara,
It completely brought us round, tarantara,
So that now you may presume,
That our lectures we'll resume,
That our lectures we'll resume, tarantara.

Profs. : Tarantara, tarantara, &c.,
Tarantara, ra, ra, ra, &c.

Phin Leigh : Return to work!

Profs. : Yes, yes, we go!

Phin Leigh : No longer shirk!

Profs. : Tarantara.

Phin Leigh : Then do not stay.

Profs. : Tarantara.

Phin Leigh : Then why this delay?

Profs. : All right we go.

Watt-Buncombe : To lectures now they go!

Students : To lectures now they go!

Profs. : To lectures now we go, to lectures now we go.

Phin Leigh : Yes, but you don't go!

Watt-Buncombe : To work they go, to lectures now they go!

Students : To work they go, to lectures now they go!

Profs. : To work we go, to lectures now we go,
to lectures now we go!

Phin Leigh : Yes, but you don't go!

Watt Buncombe : At last they go, at last they go, at last they go!
to lectures now they go.

Phin Leigh : At last they go, at last they go, to lectures now they
really go.

Students : At last they go, at last they go, at last they go, to
lectures now they really go.

Profs. : We go, we go, we go, we go, we go, we go, we go.

CHORUS.

AIR: "*Men of Harlech.*"

Sons and daughters of Zealandia,
Know ye aught that could be grander,
Than the labour for Zealandia
By the pioneer?

**For Men's Shirts and Ties, Try James Smith and Sons,
The New House.**

Smoke "CAMEO" Cigarettes, the Best.

By his toil midst tribulations,
Help'd he later generations
Make a name amongst the nations
For Zealandia here.

How can we reward him?
Only can we laud him.
Whoso heeds his noble deeds,
Will ever praise accord him,
'Tis the sturdy pioneer,
Made us here, a people freer;
Praise the noble pioneer,
Proud Zealandia.

In these heroes' footsteps glorious,
Have we leaders ruling o'er us,
Over ev'ry strife victorious,
Worthy of our praise.
Worthy of our adoration,
Is the statesman's high vocation,
Guiding people of the nation
Through the social maze.
Thanks to those who lead us,
Ev'ry state will heed us.
Love of gold will never hold
The minds of who succeed us.
Art and Wisdom be arrayed here,
Peace and Freedom ne'er will fade here,
We shall found a true Arcadia.
Proud Zealandia.

AIR—"The Old Brigade."

Just one stave more and the song is done,
A stave for the olden time;
One age has passed, and the age to come
Is the age of the golden prime!
So praise we men who have passed away,
Who hold to a legend bold;
Whatever a sordid world may say,
Wisdom is more than gold.

CHORUS.

So when we are singing of College,
Singing the songs of old,
Think of the past,
Hold to the last,
That it's wisdom that's more than gold!
For this is the burden of the world,
Which it speaketh day by day
Though many a worldly lip be curled
With a sneer that it does not pay:
In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,
In our hearts is a tale that's old,
The tale of our garnered heritage—
The wisdom that's more than gold!

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